

## Yet a Little While.

Unto Christ's disciples gathered  
In that sacred "upper room,"  
When the sad last supper ended  
Came an hour of deepest gloom.  
From the morrow's bitter trial  
Shrank each sorrow-laden heart,  
As their Master gently told them  
He from earth would soon depart.

But one blessed ray of comfort  
Beamed upon their grief and pain;  
"Yet a little while," said Jesus,  
"Ye shall then see me again;  
And because I live, ye also  
Shall have the life eternal share,  
Dwelling ever in my presence  
In the mansion I prepare."

For us hope's inspiring message  
In that precious promise lies;  
Soon we, too, shall see our Saviour  
In the home beyond the skies.  
"Yet a little while," and weeping  
Shall be changed to endless song,  
As we learn the glad new anthem  
Of the holy seraph throng.

"Yet a little while" of labor,  
Waiting, weariness and strife,  
Then the peaceful, joyous resting  
By the placid stream of life.  
"Yet a little while" the valley,  
Then the victor's fair-won height;  
Moments here of earthly darkness,  
Ages there of Heaven's light.

Just life's fleeting day for reaping  
In the Master's world-wide field;  
Let us then till fall the twilight,  
Loyal, loving service yield,  
Cheered by this sweet thought, tho' longing  
For the Lord's rewarding smile:  
Till we see him in his glory,  
Will be but a little while.

—JENNIE WILSON.

## The Unselfish Life.

The whole purpose of the life of Jesus Christ is found in these five words: "For the sake of others." He lived this life for others. He moved about among men and all his thought was of others. He gave his life for others. From the night of his birth to the day of his death; from the manger to the cross; from Bethlehem to Calvary, he lived unselfishly, going about doing good, thinking of, planning for, praying for, giving to others.

The noblest, truest, worthiest life of which the mind of man can conceive is the unselfish life. We do not give the world credit for very much of this spirit, and probably it is deserving of much more than we give it. There is much of right teaching concerning unselfishness in our literature, so the thought must be much in the minds of men, and it cannot be that the teaching has no effect upon men's lives. Then, too, we know very little about other people, even our own townsmen. The unselfish spirit may be in them and manifesting itself in ways that we have no power of recognizing. It is possible for your neighbor to think an unselfish thought and do an unselfish deed, and you know nothing about it. It is possible for one to misjudge his neighbor. We are very clumsy, very inaccurate, very blind, when we undertake to look into another man's heart and tell what is there. I do not think that we are any of us fit to hold up balances and try to weigh the selfishness and unselfishness of the world. There is no doubt a great deal of selfishness in men, for it pours from their fingers and brains and tongues into their work; and the reservoir seems to fill up as fast as the evil is poured out. Everything seems impregnated with it. Business is full of it, and politics appears to be solid selfishness without one tiny little thread of unselfishness running anywhere through it. There is selfishness in the home, and in the school, and in the church, and in society. There is so much of it that we question sometimes, perhaps, if there is any such thing among men as unselfishness; and yet there is.

I do not believe it was selfishness that nerved the arm and fired the tongue of John Knox—"brave old Knox, one of the truest of the true!" to use the words of Carlyle. I do not believe it was selfishness that gave regiments of volunteers, North and South, at the time of our civil war. I do not believe it is selfishness that has led many a man and woman to leave home and friends and native land to carry the gospel of our blessed Lord to the heathen, and to stay there year after year, facing ignorance and superstition and threatening—ay, facing death itself, for the sake of those who sit in darkness. I do not believe it is selfishness that has led many a man to the frontier to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in the midst of deprivations and hardships, galling uncongeniality, and often fiendish opposition. I do not believe it is selfishness that gathers up poor children in our great cities every summer and carries them away from the heat and dust to the fresh air and green grass and sweet flowers of the country. I do not believe it is selfishness that has gone into the East End of London, the Five Points of New York, and among the wretched and degraded of thousands of other cities, and established schools and libraries, and churches

and museums there. I do not believe it is always selfishness that sends men and women to leper islands and plague-stricken cities, taking their lives in their hands for the sake of others. I do not believe it is all selfishness that gives money and food and clothing when the fire sweeps Chicago, and the earthquake shatters Charleston, and the flood pours down through the streets of Johnstown. I do not believe that every cry from a man to his brother to "come up higher; reach up and I will help you," is prompted by selfishness. If we could stand upon some lofty height and look down upon the world and see it all just as it is,—see it as God must see it,—I think we should be astonished at the halo of unselfishness that we would see all round the world. There is more of the Christ spirit among men than appears to the superficial observer.

But the great need of the world is more of this spirit. Man is dwarfed and shriveled and low enough at best, without making himself more so by shutting himself up in the narrow burial-case of selfishness. Take a man with some life in him, and shut him up in a coffin, and he might as well be dead as long as he stays there. He soon will be dead if he does not come out of that coffin. There are men everywhere who are treating themselves in just this way,—stepping into narrow burial-cases of selfishness, and every year drawing the lid a little closer, shutting out the air; shutting out love and compassion, and tenderness and helpfulness; shutting out their fellowmen, and thus shutting out their very lives. They are wrapping themselves in the burial clothes of get, get, get, get; and these bands bind the feet that they cannot run on errands of mercy; bind the hands that they cannot give; bind the tongue that they cannot speak words of cheer and encouragement; bind the eyes that they cannot see the world's needs; bind the ears that they cannot hear humanity's cry; bind the brain that it cannot plan blessings for the world; bind the heart that it cannot beat in sympathy with God's great plans for relieving the world of sin and suffering. O the halting feet, and the close-shut hands, and the silent tongues, and the blinded eyes, and the heavy ears, and the sodden brains, and the shriveled hearts in the world to-day because men are burying themselves in selfishness, doing everything "for my own sake!"—shutting themselves within the narrow limits of their business, their own homes, their own interests; shutting out their fellowmen, save as they see an opportunity to "get" something from them. The forces at work in this world are not all controlled by selfishness, but the greedy monster has too much to do with the world's affairs. It is "man's inhumanity to man" that "makes countless thousands mourn." And the mourning will continue; the discord, the disorder, the struggle, the suffering will continue until men have caught the spirit of the One Perfect Man who lived his life "for their sakes."

## Sources of a Pastor's Earnestness.

Perhaps the most earnest of all earnest men in this earnest age is the thoroughgoing pastor. One source of his earnestness is his understanding of his time. When he reflects on the vast enlargement of the boundaries of knowledge now going on; when he grasps the new sense of the past, of the present, and of the future which this enlargement involves; when he seizes the meaning of the great movements of his own day, in which even selfish personal accumulations of money and monopolies, in themselves disgraceful, gird the world with railroads, telegraphs, and steamship lines, and by these, or like means, enhance the proximity and power of service of man to man, and in which, on every hand, evidences are not far to seek of a nobler temper breaking forth in men, of a desire to lay hold upon fundamental questions, of a dogged purpose to right wrongs and to count no issue settled until it is settled rightly, of immense outpourings of human sympathy, and of unutterable yearnings not for the outward thing in religion, but for the heart of it, he trembles, and is stirred to the depths. "What prophet," he asks, "ever addressed such an age? What reformer ever appealed to such a susceptible generation?" "And I," he exclaims, "who may preach the Christ, and live Him, and bring Him to men—who occupy a point of vantage which the men of no other vocation occupy—what if I should miss my errand, or fail to act well my part?" He hails, that is to say, his time. His heart leaps up to meet it. What seems to some minds signs to fear, to him are big with inestimable promise. "Let me live a little longer!" he cries, and addresses himself with eager resolution to his task.

Another source of the pastor's earnestness is what God is doing with His

word. For now a full century the Bible has received a degree of attention unparalleled not only but undreamed of before. The weightiest endowments of the weightiest men of ten decades have been at work at it. The archaeologist, the geographer, the explorer, the linguist, the critic, the biographer, the historian, the expositor, and many another have given to it their acutest powers. Societies to investigate it, bands of Christians to search it, millions of men and women to study it, all following plans more or less sympathetic and valuable, have been devoting themselves to it. It has, in fact, created for itself a new literature, a new scholarship, and a new temper in men. True, it is being tremendously assailed, but a mine has to reverberate with gunpowder and dynamite for a long time before it yields up its most precious ores. All this the pastor observes, hails with inexpressible eagerness, and, as specially charged with ministering the word, almost an awful sense of his opportunity in this respect moves him.

The insight into life which his calling gives him; the tragic interior of existence which the confidence and love of men are ever revealing to him; his sense of character, unfolding beneath his touch, or eluding his subtlest endeavors to awaken it to nobler things; the two world's betwixt which he seems to stand as a kind of go-between and confidant, and which at length grow so real to him that the world unseen often seems the more substantial of the two—these and other sources of the pastor's earnestness must here be passed by. But the uppermost source of all is—the Man of Nazareth. By Him he is always shadowed. His look he cannot escape. Night and noon, in storm and in sunshine, in cold and heat, when the heart is warm and when it seems congealing, in the days of faithfulness and of fruit, in the barren and retrograde hours, to restrain, to reprove, to quicken, to encourage, to inspire, to soothe and to comfort, there, at one's right-hand, stands ever the Divine Man. O Christ, ineffable, how calm, in what perfect peace, but hot-dead-in-earnest it is to be always with Thee!—The Congregationalist.

## Individual Service.

It is not always just to assume that all the work reported as done by any society would have been left undone had there not been such an organization. Organizations often do more than could be performed by unsystematized effort, and they often lead those who would have done nothing to do something, but still much would have been accomplished if most of the religious and philanthropic organizations claiming popular support had never been formed.

All the temperance work of temperance societies should not be placed to the credit of those societies. The devoted men and women who have this cause at heart would have brought some things to pass by their individual work. Christian Endeavor Societies have not brought a new race of young men and women into being. There was some religious life among the Christian young people of the American churches, and they sustained excellent prayer-meetings in some churches, and did something to advance good causes, before this society was started. We do not doubt that these organizations have done a vast amount of good, but it is well to bear in mind that all the good they have done would not have been left undone had they never existed. Just now it seems as if, in the multiplicity of organizations for doing almost every conceivable thing, good, bad, and indifferent, there were occasion for insisting on the worth of the independent service for Christ to which all His disciples are called. It is a bad thing to contrive a plan or form an organization for doing what should be left to the devotion and loyalty of individual disciples. To say nothing of the loss in the development of personal character that comes from each Christian having his work assigned to him by some authority, the tendency of over much organization is to degrade Christian service from the level of graces to the level of duties, to bind life by rules, instead of inspiring it with a spirit, and so to multiply apparent devotion at the expense of the devoted spirit. It is one of the prerogatives of love to invent ways of service. Mary of Bethany showed the inventiveness of true affection when she poured out the costly ointment in the devoted Lord's honor. No society assigned her that service. The glory of her act was that it did not come from any one else but herself. It represented her. It was the expression of her feeling. It was not the performance of a duty, but the manifestation of a grace.

We suppose that their ways will be plenty of people in the world whose chief delight is to hear the buzz of machinery and to see the wheels go round. They believe that a society with an

abundance of committees is the proper way for bringing anything good to pass. But we are glad to believe that there are also some people in the world who, while their eyes are open to the great advantages of organization, yet do not believe that all the good work in the world is done by societies or committees, and who hold that some of the choicest acts of devotion that have glorified human nature and been well pleasing to God, have been performed by men and women acting independently of every one else. No committee or society has been behind them, no constitution or by-laws marked out their course, but the inward Spirit of Christ constrained them. They were not doing duties or keeping pledges, they were "showing forth the praises" of Christ.—The Watchman.

## Tedious Sermons.

"How long does your pastor preach?" "Thirty minutes, measured by what he says; sixty by the time he consumes." There was no fault-finding. The pastor had nostauncher supporter. His place was never vacant. From the announcement of the text until "Let us pray," he was all attention. Yet he witnessed to a fact and expressed a conviction. He would not have all sermons thirty minutes long; some, he confessed, were short at an hour. But he would have men know what they wish to say, say it, and quit. Prolixity comes from many things. Chiefly, perhaps, from lack of preparation. Bishop Morris used to say: "Any one can preach a long sermon; only the student can preach a good sermon in thirty minutes."

"Does your pastor always preach that well?" "Yes, he prepares carefully; he is no pulpit-pumper." A friend of ours used to say that he was necessarily vociferous when he was unprepared. Rambling, incoherent, tedious must be he who presumptuously opens his mouth in the pulpit expecting it to be filled. It is surprising how the bulk of the loose hay is reduced by the press. Very few sermons an hour long but can be compressed to their advantage into half that time.

The next cause is included rightly in the former; namely, a violation of the rule of unity. We bring in many things that belong equally to other subjects. The point is lost in expansion. Like an unhelmed ship we drift with the winds.

Again, the habit of repetition wastes time. A statement is made. It is repeated negatively. Over and over, the changes are rung upon it, until a dozen repetitions are inflicted before advancing to the next, which is similarly treated. This vicious practice and its twin, padding, can indeed make a mountain out of a molehill. It is quickly detected and universally despised.

Doubtless some misread the example of the fathers. In the olden time, when opportunities to hear the Gospel were few, it became the minister to follow St. Stephen's example, and declare at once all the oracles of God. Hence the fathers sometimes preached for three hours. But if anyone imagines that their sermons were unbeaten oil, let him read them. Models they are of perspicuity, logical force, evangelistic fervor. But opportunities now are as frequent as then rare. Hence the need of long sermons has disappeared. A well prepared sermon by the presiding elder, effectively delivered, at his quarterly visitation, may seem brief, although an hour long; but sermons of that length by the regular pastor become a weariness to the most loyal flesh.

The habit of tarrying long at our sermons grows upon us with advancing years. Much of the unacceptability of old ministers is due to this. Brethren, try the half-hour gauge. Be prepared and animated, and quit at thirty minutes, whether you are through or not. Our word for it, your congregations will be double, and your hearers will forget that you are old. Try it. Fourteen solid hours in immediate preparation for thirty minutes before the people!—Western Christian Advocate.

## Character-Building.

A certain pasture was covered with great boulders dropped by an iceberg of the glacial period some four hundred thousand or more years ago. But this pasture commands a fine view of the Atlantic, and so an enterprising builder bought it. The boulders he had broken up into shapely blocks, and of them he built a handsome house with facings of brick. The rude pasture was graded, terraced, adorned with shrubbery, and transformed into a garden of beauty. To the thoughtful what a sermon that house preaches!

In building character, as in building houses, the majority of men and women must take the materials nearest at hand and make the best of them. There is always enough good material about us to make noble character. We may take stern, homely, unpromising facts of our lives and transform them into

stepping-stones of progress, into edifices of utility, if not of beauty. Many a mother longs in vain to send her boy to college; but if they are learning to be honest, self-reliant, patient, industrious, thorough, just, enterprising, if they are using all the opportunities they can command to acquire the information most useful to them in their work, they are getting in so far a very valuable education. A man's wits can be sharpened on a great many kinds of whet-stones. A man's mind may be stored with a great many kinds of useful information. How to make the ends meet, how to accomplish certain desired results, are problems often more difficult than any in algebra or calculus. They stimulate and sharpen the intellectual faculties, and give the moral forces plenty of employment in choosing and refusing methods noble and ignoble. "Patient continuance" in the humble, monotonous, apparently inconsequent routine of daily life appointed to the majority of men and women may be inspired by aspiration for "glory and honor and immortality," and have as its reward "eternal life." Even thus is many a noble character built up and made worthy of a place in the great temple of humanity that is rising through all the ages.

## Random Readings.

There is not a moment without some duty.—Cicero.

Who is free? The man that masters his own will.—Epictetus.

Regrets come too late for the past, but may shape our course for the future.

Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry.

"Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles."

He who knows right principles is not equal to him who loves them.—Confucius.

Our power lies in the strength of our intuitions. We see God, truth, justice and beauty as realities, not as probabilities.—Aron.

Now it is my nature to accept every offer that means a wider outlook from a higher point of observation.—Frances E. Willard.

A Christian who engages in any lawful business is honoring God. He may be just as heavenly-minded in trade as in preaching the gospel.—Porter.

The whispers of conscience are as loud within the soul as the brazen tongue of the floating fog bell which gives warning of danger.—Aron.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures; for with thee is the fountain of life.—Psa. xxcvi, 8, 9.

As the present only is ours, if we would live happily we should banish all regrets of the past, all anticipations of the future, and gather around us such things of to-day as will contribute most to our true happiness.

Christ is a stumbling-stone to those who will not believe upon him. They fall over him and are broken. It is believe and be saved, or reject him and perish. It is fearful to think of, but we must be faithful to tell the truth.

Life is like an ocean; some souls, like the great waves, bear heavy burdens and carry treasures to far-off lands; others, like the foam, sparkle for a moment in the sunlight, and then are cast upon the rocks or dissolved in empty air.

## Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parmentier's Pills than any other Pills we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint." Parmentier's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these pills have cured her.

## A WINNIPEG'S OPINION.

The following is taken from a letter from Mr. D. Davis, Winnipeg, Man.: "Being persuaded to use Hagar's Pectoral Balm for a troublesome cold, I was entirely cured by the use of two bottles."

D. Sullivan, Malcolm, Ontario, writes: "I have been selling Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, and have no hesitation in saying that it has given better satisfaction than any other medicine I have ever sold. I consider it the only patent medicine that cures more than it is recommended to cure."

For restoring the color, thickening the growth, and beautifying the hair, and for preventing baldness, Hall's Hair Renewer is unsurpassed.

## EDITORIAL EVIDENCE.

GENTLEMEN—Your Hagar's Yellow Oil is worth its weight in gold for both internal and external use. During the late La Gripe epidemic we found it a most excellent preventive, and for sprained limbs, etc., there is nothing to equal it.

WM. PEMBERTON,  
Editor Reporter,  
Delhi, Ont.

## JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

As much

For INTERNAL as EXTERNAL use.

In 1810

Originated by an Old Family Physician.

Think of It. In use for more than Eighty

Years, and still leads. Generation after Generation have used and blessed it.

Every Traveler should have a bottle in his satchel.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bron-

chitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Lumbago, Sciatica,

Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure.

Every Mother Anodyne Liniment in the

house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps

and Pains liable to occur in any family without notice. Delays may cost a life. Relieves all Summer

Complaints like magic. Price, 35 cts. post-paid; 6 bot-

tles, \$2. Express paid. J. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.



## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1890. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1891.

ON and after MONDAY, 24th Nov., 1890, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7.10
Accommodation for Point du Chene	10.40
Fast Express for Halifax	13.30
Express for Sussex	18.30
Fast Express for Quebec & Montreal	16.55

A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.10 o'clock, and Halifax at 7.15. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.55 and take sleeping car at Montreal.

The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 16.55 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 18.05 Sunday evening.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex	8.30
Fast express from Quebec and Montreal (Monday excepted)	9.35
Accommodation from Point du Chene	12.55
Day Express from Halifax	19.20
Fast Express from Halifax	22.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec, are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,  
Chief Superintendent  
Railway Office, Montreal, N. B.  
20th Nov., 1890.

## Canadian Pacific Railway.

NEW BRUNSWICK DIVISION.

All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c.

## ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect October 12th, 1890.

## Eastern Standard Time.

## LEAVE FREDERICTON.

5.20 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, and intermediate points. Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and Point West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, and Woodstock.  
10.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and all points east.  
3.15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

## RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.30, 7.35, a.m.; 4.40 p.m.; Fredericton Junction, 8.10, a.m., 12.10 a.m., 6.25 p.m.; McAdam Junction, 10.47 a.m., 2.15 p.m.; Vancorbo, 10.25, 2.45 p.m.; St. Stephen, 7.45, 10.15 a.m.; St. Andrews, 6.15 a.m.

## ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON.

9.20 a.m., 1.20, 7.20 p.m.

## LEAVE GIBSON.

6.20 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

## ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

5.10 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

H. P. TIMMERMAN,  
C. E. McPHERSON, Gen. Supt.  
Dist. Pass. Agent.

## WORMS

For the removal of all kinds of worms from children, and all other cases of worm infestation, use Dr. Smith's German Worm Expeller. It is a simple, safe, and pleasant, requiring no after medicine. Never failing. Leave no bad after effects. Price, 15 cts. per box.

## GUNS AND SPORTING GOODS

Just received (Direct Importation).

4 CASES Guns and Rifles, as follows: Winchester Magazine and Single Shot; The Marlin Rifle; full and half magazine; Double Barrel Brush Loading, price from \$10 to \$40; Single Shot do; Muzzle Loading Gun, double and single, price from \$4 to \$10. The above are the best value that ever came in my store, and an intending purchaser would do well to call and examine the above named stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Also a full and complete stock Sporting and Rifle Powder, Shot, Shells and Caps, Pouches, Belts and Cartridges, Primers, Gunlocks, Revolvers, Gun Cases, and Bags, Shells loaded to order.

Wholesale and retail, at NEILL'S Hardware Store.

## BLACKSMITHS' COAL.

JUST received one woodboat load Green's Blacksmith's Coal. For sale by the barrel, chaldron or car load, at NEILL'S Hardware Store.